Airs Above The Ground

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Airs Above The Ground

by Not_You

Summary

Being Hannibal's plus-one takes Will to some very interesting places. He's just glad his brain isn't on fire anymore.

Chapter 1

It has taken a long time for Will to savor solitude again. That fear of his own mind has taken a while to recede, but after getting a clean bill of health from absolutely everyone, Alana included, Will had powered through his own lurking anxiety to take the dogs and go fishing. Rarely has he been so well rewarded for this kind of effort, and sings along to the radio as he drives home, the car full of grinning dogs and coolers stuffed with trout. He meant to spend another night, but he doesn't have any more ice or space.

Hannibal hasn't actually moved in, but he enjoys the seclusion he can find at Will's house, and Will isn't surprised to see his car in the driveway. He hauls the first cooler up the steps and opens the unlocked door, dogs swarming in as Hannibal laughs, cooing at them in Lithuanian and petting each one in turn. He's damp and flushed from a recent shower, and there's a clean sheet over the made bed, three suits laid out on it.

Will wades through the dogs and kisses Hannibal, keeping a little distance because he's pretty grimy. “You're back early,” Hannibal says, the kind of statement that's actually a quiet demand for an explanation. Will would be hurt if it didn't seem more like concern than irritation.

“My luck was too good,” he says, kissing the corner of Hannibal's jaw. “We've got trout for weeks.”

Hannibal smiles. “Truly, a delightful state of affairs.”

“You going out?” Will asks, heading for the door to finish unloading the car.

“I am,” Hannibal says, “or I would cook us some of your catch this instant.”

Will brings the rest of the fish in, and gets it crammed into the fridge and the freezer, all neatly wrapped and labeled. The whole time Hannibal is getting dressed, of course, comparing and rejecting shirts and shoes, and then digging out a set of honest-to-god cufflinks.

“So, what's your thing?” Will asks, emerging from the kitchen and spotting Hannibal through the open bathroom door. “Opera? One of those weird rich-people galas?”

“The two often overlap,” Hannibal says, tucking his shirt in, “but tonight's occasion is neither.” He smooths the front down and does his last few buttons, studying himself in the mirror before meeting the eyes of Will's reflection. “It's a dressage competition.”

“Dressage?” Will frowns, considering the implications, given Hannibal's acquaintance. “For actual horses?”

Hannibal laughs, coming out of the bathroom with hair and shirt both perfect. “No, Will. Not for actual horses.”

“This is because you know Sutcliffe, isn't it?”

Hannibal laughs. “It is, though I appreciate the performance on its own merits. Would you like to join me?”

Will shrugs. “Why not?”

“I was planning on dinner beforehand,” Hannibal says, “so you can't afford to dawdle like I have.”

Dinner sounds almost as good as a shower, and Will heads upstairs to scrub off and make himself presentable. Hannibal is just wearing a suit because that's what he does, and has assured Will that he need merely make some effort to look nice. Shaving would take way too long, but Will does put some of the stuff Hannibal bought him on his fingers before running them through through his hair, and he supposes the result is a bit shinier than it was, and closer to curls than frizz.

Hannibal always makes a point of letting Will know if jeans will actually make him look like a slob, so puts on a clean and intact pair, the knees not even beginning to think of blowing out. Along with the blue button-down Hannibal gave him for his birthday and his one pair of dress shoes, Will is about as presentable as he's going to get on short notice.

When he comes down the stairs, Hannibal beams at him. “When I saw that, I knew it would bring out your eyes,” he says, and Will chuckles.

“I guess one half of a gay couple has to know about fashion.”

He takes Hannibal's hand and follows him out, the dogs sleepy enough to be resigned to being abandoned. Will settles into the passenger seat and lets Hannibal tell him about the restaurant and the very peculiar club they'll be going to afterward.

“So will Sutcliffe be prancing around with feathers on his head?”

“Probably chosen to match his lingerie.”

“I'm not really into dudes in lingerie,” Will says, “but they don't bother me, either. If you've got a nice little collection of lace and frills somewhere, I'm sure I'll cope.”

Hannibal laughs. “I'll keep that in mind, Will.”

Chapter 2

Micro-scale social experiments always interest Hannibal, and introducing Will to Donald's circle of acquaintance will be fascinating. For now he makes sure that Will is well-fortified for the strain with some very good Italian while giving him a short history of dressage. He looks amused, but also attentive, listening as he works his way through some of the best ravioli in the city.

“So it's like dance mixed with obedience trials?” Will asks at last, and Hannibal laughs.

“Essentially, yes.”

There isn't time for dessert, but Hannibal promises Will something later, either purchased or made by his own loving hands. Will just chuckles, and follows Hannibal out to the car for the last leg of their journey. He lounges back in the seat, clearly enjoying the experience of being chauffeured after his long drive home from whichever of the various secret fishing spots he had used this time. His eyes are closed when they reach their destination, but he opens them when the car slows.

The group Donald is part of doesn't have its own dedicated space, so they use a BDSM club Hannibal used to frequent. He does still like the atmosphere, but he's busier these days and he has Will. The low, dark building the same when they approach it, and Hannibal has to assume that the massive dance floor will be used to the same effect as ever. Will takes his hand, looking curiously up at the sign.

“'The Asylum,' Hannibal?”

“In the sense both of 'seeking asylum' and of the phrase, 'the inmates are running the asylum,' yes,” Hannibal says. There's a flyer on the door announcing the dressage event, and as the doorman checks their IDs and takes the price of admission, a girl in a red corset begins to explain the house rules for events like this before she recognizes Hannibal and laughs.

“Well, I guess I don't need to tell *you*,” she says, and Hannibal smiles.

“No, you don't, and I can assure you that my companion will not frighten the horses.”

She laughs, and Will gives Hannibal a quizzical look as he guides him through the loose crowd toward the bar. “When a younger actress expressed concern about the affection between two of their male colleagues to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, she said, 'Does it really matter what these affectionate people do — so long as they don’t do it in the streets and frighten the horses!' 'Frightening the horses' remains current in some fetish communities to express disapproval of those who are so public as to be discourteous.”

Will snorts, and orders middle-shelf whiskey, as is his wont. The house wines are more acceptable here than in many similar places, and soon Hannibal has a glass of decent red. Leaving payment and tip on the bar, he makes his way to the largest of the private rooms, which has a hand-lettered sign reading 'Corral' on the door, a security guard standing beside

it. Hannibal wishes him a good evening, and asks after Donald. The guard assures him that he's here, and knocks on the door.

A blonde head pokes through the gap, and then beams at them both. “Hi, Hannibal. Yes, it's okay, we know him,” she tells the guard. “Not so much the adorable companion, though,” she adds, looking back to Hannibal as she opens the door to admit them.

“Gretchen, this is Will Graham. Will, Gretchen Speck.”

Hannibal is honestly glad that the Speck-Horowitz nuptials didn't work out, and if Gretchen's decision to keep the ring is a bit crass, it's endearingly so. Gretchen shakes Will's hand and then bounces further into the room like the Homecoming queen she used to be, chattering away about her evening so far as she leads them to the corner that Donald and Mila have claimed as their own. Like most of the other ponies, Donald is resting his feet for a strenuous performance in hoof boots, lounging on one of the various sofa sectionals. He's wrapped in a sky blue bathrobe, eyes already lined the way Mila always does it, bringing out the bright, glassy aspect of their color. She sits next to him in her usual ensemble; shadbelly, breeches, top hat, riding boots and white gloves, impeccable and upright as ever.

“Pleased you could make it, Hannibal,” she says, offering her hand. He bows over it, and smiles at her.

“Even better, Will was able to come with me,” he says, and makes their introduction with the formality Mila prefers. She's one of the strictest women Hannibal has ever met, and it's always an effort to keep from acting like an impish schoolboy for her attention. Will's presence helps, of course, since he's a little nervous and Hannibal must look after him.

Chapter 3

It's a pretty weird scene, but Will can't act like he doesn't participate in weirder just about every chance he gets. And the makeup really does bring out Sutcliffe's eyes. It's pretty hilarious to be sitting here and politely admiring his neurologist's new hoof boots, but they're nice boots, and Will has heard that intelligent people are more likely to be perverts, anyway. Mila makes him tense in a way that feels like a crush on a teacher, but that's not entirely unpleasant. Gretchen is maybe a little too bubbly to deal with, but her pony seems like a sweet kid.

Soon there's a call of just fifteen more minutes to dress and prepare, and Hannibal ushers Will out of the room as Sutcliffe stands up on his hooves and other ponies put last touches on their hair and makeup. Hannibal squeezes Will's hand and leads the way to a good vantage point. It's a few steps up from floor level, and there's another of the same sectionals and a small table for their drinks. Will settles back, watching as club staff clear the floor and a woman makes arcane markings on it with reflective tape that stands out in the gloom. It's a scaled-down version of the markings in a standard dressage arena, which Hannibal explains as best he can, for once not full of relevant technical knowledge.

“So kinda like rally obedience?” Will says at last, leaning on Hannibal a little.

“Sort of, yes,” Hannibal says, and Will smiles, since Hannibal wouldn't know anything about canine sports if not for his acquaintance with the pack. He sips his drink slowly, and they watch the arena emerge. When the markings are finally finished and inspected by a few other people who must be event organizers, they leave the floor with its softly glowing letters.

There's a pre-show feeling to the room that applies to any performance, however strange, and people start filtering up to join them. A cocktail waitress is among them, and the timing works out perfectly, refills arriving just as the lights go up on the dance floor. Will is glad to see that it's actually pretty well-illuminated, with so many people trotting around in hoof boots.

Will is able to pick Sutcliffe out of the crowd, and he has to admit that he's working the lingerie pretty well. For one thing, it seems to be made for men, and for another, it's just some kind of loose, frilly, forest green boy-shorts with lace edging, and a matching camisole. No bra cups sitting there looking silly with nothing to hold.

Just as Sutcliffe told Will at the hospital, he is in fact wearing a feather on his head, also green. His tail is suspended from a leather belt around his waist, and someone somewhere carefully matched to the mouse-brown of his hair. He's also wearing a black leather bondage sleeve that matches his boots and holds his hands behind his back, where they rest just above the tail. He isn't the only one, but it doesn't seem to be required tack.

Will asks Hannibal about that, and apparently Mila prefers the 'ponies don't have hands' version of the aesthetic. As the competition begins, Will can't help but agree. Hannibal has already mentioned that real horses tend to just be washed and brushed for events, but of

course humans dress up. Sutcliffe is positively restrained compared to some of his fellows. He stands straight and tall, waiting to be called up, and he really does look alert and obedient.

Naturally, Will is rooting for the man who helped fix his brain, but the other contenders are fascinating. The first round is a simple demonstration of their distinct gaits in a circle around the dance floor as the woman who marked the floor stands in the center and explains that this event is going to be freestyle to music, with airs above the ground allowed, no penalties to be given for failure to perform them because sometimes things just feel too dangerous. As she speaks, the ponies make their orderly round, harnesses jingling and boots clopping. Sutcliffe and Mila take their place in the rotation, and Sutcliffe walks with his head high. He seems weightless on those impossible boots.

“I'll be damned if he doesn't look like a real show pony,” Will mutters, and Hannibal smiles.

“Wonderful, isn't it?”

“Yeah,” Will says, surprised at his own sincerity.

Every fetish is full of variety, but Will hasn't seen it so well displayed in a long time. There are ponies in full body suits, ponies in blinkers, ponies in collections of studded black straps, ponies in all types of drag and ponies with actual horse masks that make Will feel like he's in a David Lynch movie. All of them move neatly and with spirit, though, the leg movements pretty much the same regardless of what the arms are doing. Gretchen's pony is one of many that has his hands free, and watching him approximate front legs, Will can see why the sleeves are so popular.

Chapter 4

Music selections for this kind of thing is up to each trainer or pair, and being at the mercy of other people's taste can be hard to bear sometimes. Donald has at least chosen a nice piece of dark electronica to work to, nothing Hannibal has ever heard but nothing actively obnoxious. He trots as well as ever, and makes graceful passes, grapevining neatly and making difficult turns before performing a perfect capriole.

It's not nearly as hard for a human as for a horse, but it's still tricky and slightly dangerous, and everyone is pleased to see Donald land squarely on both hooves. Mila walks beside him, her signals almost completely invisible, her face composed. He performs a few more airs that Hannibal can't place in their human forms, and then subsides to a working trot again, not having missed a beat.

Will's applause is sincere, and so is Hannibal's own. If Donald doesn't at least place, there's no justice. Not even the graceful girl in full-body red latex who follows him can shake that conviction, and many of the others are almost unworthy of comparison.

“I didn't realize your pal was in such great shape,” Will says, while the judges are deliberating, and Hannibal laughs.

“Donald takes his job as Mila's show pony very seriously, Will.”

That commitment pays off with another blue ribbon, and after the other prizes have been awarded and Hannibal is looking around for the waitress, he spots Mischa instead. He waves to her and she comes to join them. In honor of the occasion she's dressed for riding, and Will gives her a curious look as she joins them.

“Mischa, darling, I thought you weren't going to be able to make it.”

“That BK went a lot more smoothly than we were worried about,” she says. “I thought I would just be finishing now, but there was more tissue left than we realized.”

Hannibal smiles softly at his sister, as always admiring her courage and humility. “I'm glad,” is all he says. “This was the elderly lady, wasn't it?”

“It was. She's very tough,” Mischa says, speaking more to Will, since Hannibal already knows the basics of the case. He occupies himself with flagging the waitress down for another round, and for a Cosmopolitan for his sister. “Seventy-nine this fall,” Mischa continues, nodding slight to indicate that yes, tonight is a Cosmopolitan night, “and got hit by a car while she was walking home one night. I'm just pleased we didn't have to go for disarticulation,” she says as the waitress walks away. “That's when you go directly through the joint,” she adds seeing the slightly blank look on Will's face. “I take pride in doing it well, but of course it's better to be able to bend a limb than not.”

Will nods. “At least I know who to go to if I ever need something lopped off,” he says, and Mischa laughs.

“Thanks. It really has been a pleasant evening. A good surgical outcome in a riskier case, and another blue ribbon for Donald, though I'm sure that adorable filly in red will be robbing him soon enough.”

“Was that a humanized croupade she was doing?” Hannibal asks.

“It was,” Mischa says, “and very pretty, too.”

Mischa does always like to see people making good use of their limbs, and she's able to educate him and Will about the techniques from an equestrian perspective. Hannibal doesn't know what Mischa's kinks are and does not want to know, but he does have a vague portrait in negative. She has no positive interest in doing ponyplay herself, but she enjoys the performative aspect and is happy to serve as a consultant, which she explains to Will as they wait for their drinks.

“I won't say what I *am* into,” she says, as the waitress returns, “in deference to a brother's feelings.”

Drinks secured, the next step is to go back to the corral to congratulate Donald. The place has the atmosphere of a dressing room after a show, because it is one. Ponies and trainers are recuperating, some lounging around, many modifying their outfits even if they're keeping their hoof boots on and staying awhile. Mila is tenderly feeding Donald a sugar cube when she catches sight of them, and smiles as they approach.

Mischa congratulates both of them on a job well done, and everyone gives Donald an affectionate pat. Even Will, who looks like he's trying very hard not to laugh, but not in an unkind way. Mischa and Mila quickly fall into a conversation about form as Donald munches his sugar, and Hannibal is very glad to catch sight of Peter across the room. He and Will are almost certain to get along.

Chapter 5

Hannibal waves to a shabby, shy-looking guy near the door, and he responds with a weird little flinch and a diffident smile, walking over to join them. He is, as a girl once described Will, 'kinda cute in a good-with-animals-and-not-people way.' His haircut is kind of unfortunate, but the long scar on the side of his head probably attracts a lot of the attention at first glance, anyway.

"H-hi, Hannibal." he says, clutching a bucket that contains massage oil, hand sanitizer, and a jar of combs in blue liquid. He bows slightly. "Ms. M-Mila, Dr. Lecter." They greet him and then get back to their discussion of form as Hannibal introduces him to Will. Apparently Peter is a groom, both for real and at events like this.

"I like, I l-like to h-help," he says, running a nervous hand through his hair and over his scar, "a-and it's a little, a little extra money."

"So how do you groom human horses?" Will asks, and Peter chuckles.

"A c-currycomb can be, can be real nice on h-human skin, but I'd have to be constantly, constantly s-sanitizing it, and th-then drying it off again. It's b-better this, this way."

When he moves on to see to Gretchen's pony, Will goes with him, leaving Hannibal to talk with Mila and his sister. Sutcliffe makes a quiet, whooshing noise, and Will chuckles, patting his shoulder as if he's a real animal. Peter smiles, waiting a moment for Will and then leading the way to where Gretchen is crooning to her pony and adjusting his tack.

"M-Ms. Speck," Peter says, with that same little bow, and she giggles.

"Hi, Peter! And hi, Will. He put too much into his legs," Gretchen says, speaking to Peter again, "so they're fine, but his shoulders are sore, and of course I can't ride if we don't fix that."

"I was wondering if anyone was going to do that," Will says, as Peter warms some oil in his hands.

"I love it," Gretchen says, "but we do dressage that way because jumping and skipping in hoof boots alone is risky enough, even if the pony is strong enough to carry a partner."

"Y-yeah," Peter says, and puts his hands on the boy's shoulders. "Th-that good?"

"Yeah," he says softly. He seems almost as settled into being a pony as Sutcliffe, and doesn't talk while Peter gives him a very thorough and professional shoulder rub. Gretchen tells Will all about the Asylum and its roster of themed events.

"Seriously," she says, "you should see if there's one you and Hannibal would like."

"I didn't even know we had a local fetish club," Will says, and she laughs.

"He doesn't come out *often*, to be sure, but he seems to enjoy it when he does. Ask him about the Femdom Friday he went to last year, that was a blast." The pony makes an enquiring noise, and she beams, stroking his face. "I haven't told you this story, dear?"

"Nope," he says softly, and then sighs, accepting a lump of sugar from her fingertips.

"Well, you know Reba and Francis," she says to him, and then turns to Will again. "My friend Reba comes just about every week, and her boyfriend Francis has just the worst body image problem, so she's gotten into showing him off."

"I hope he doesn't mind," Will can't help but say, and Gretchen laughs.

"Reba's not like that. I was there when he safeworded out of doing it one time, and all she did was give him a kiss and tell him what a good boy he was for looking after himself. That was last year, too, but months before the time I'm talking about."

Will nods, glad that he's forewarned to have the 'public scenes with other people count' talk while having nothing to resent. "Was he an appreciative audience?"

"I'll s-s-say," Peter says, still working on the pony's shoulders. Will has to assume that he has a name, but he's apparently leery of using it in kink contexts, which is nothing Will hasn't seen before.

"That's right," Gretchen says, "you *were* there!"

"Got a thing for stern women?" Will asks with a smile, and Peter goes slightly pink, nodding. "Well, they are pretty hot."

"How gallant of you," Gretchen says, grinning. "Anyway, that night Francis was feeling himself enough for Reba to call in a guest flogger. She picked Hannibal because he's responsible, and we all got to watch him thrash Francis into a quivering mess. It was super hot," she adds, speaking to the pony, "remind to show you the pictures."

Chapter 6

Will moves with more assurance when he comes back to them, carrying Peter's bucket for him and talking with him about some pictures that Gretchen is supposed to send him. With Gretchen's photographic tendencies it could be anything from her adorable cat in the laundry hamper to her precious pony modeling fetish wear, but it's sure to be well-lit and pleasing, whatever it is.

Mila greets them with a smile, and then stands aside so Peter can get to work on Donald. It's a workmanlike and comprehensive massage, with some leg stretches that remind Hannibal of physical therapy. Donald purrs as Peter works him over, and Mila smiles beatifically down upon the process.

"Which pictures?" Hannibal asks Will, sliding an arm around his waist when the slight shuffling of their group around Peter allows it.

Will smiles at him, eyes sparkling with mischief. "So I hear you flogged the hell out of some guy here, and Gretchen promised me evidence."

"Oh, of my performance with Francis? I think I have a few of my own, but it seemed somehow gauche to bring them up."

"I'm not a very jealous man," Will says, looking amused, "I promise."

"In that case, Francis is lovely, and you'll enjoy his suffering. You can enjoy Reba's loveliness as well, depending upon the angle."

"Gretchen says she's gorgeous. And blind, and that's why Francis wears bells."

"That is why Francis wears bells. I recommended a shop for others, I wonder if she bought any."

He muses over this and similar questions until it's time for the riding ponies to take over the floor. A few halfhearted dancers skulk off as the MC announces that the floor is now closed to anyone who isn't a pony or a trainer. Hannibal catches sight of Mischa over by the bar, and goes to buy her next drink, and another for Will. He gets water for himself, since he'll be driving in an hour or two, and can just feel the wine.

"Thanks, brother," Mischa says, clinking her glass to his. "Where did you leave your charming companion?"

"The same table we had before," he says, and leads her around the floor to join Will, who is watching the riders with a look of fond amusement. Gretchen's pony trots by, and Gretchen waves to them, perched on his shoulders.

"Her seat really is very good," Mischa says, and Will laughs.

"This has got to be a trip for you. I should go to a puppy play event."

She grins at him. "They would *love* you, you should come to the next one."

"Drop me a line to let me know when it is," he says, "and I will." His eyes are sparkling, and he's probably about one-third drunk.

"Your beauty intoxicates me," Hannibal tells him in Japanese, and Mischa gags.

"That was something mushy, wasn't it?" Will asks, giving Hannibal a glare of exaggerated suspicion.

"It most certainly was," Hannibal says, and Will snorts, rolling his eyes and taking a long pull of whiskey. "You're just more adorable when you're surly," Hannibal adds, and Mischa groans.

"Jesus, get a room!"

"Oh, we will," Hannibal chirps, and she has to laugh, even as she slaps his shoulder in in irritation.

"Don't gross out your little sister, Hannibal," Will tells him, primly, and Hannibal grins, kissing his cheek and then pulling away before he can become too ridiculous for a public venue. Will blushes a little, and then looks past him with an impressed grin. The little filly in red rubber is too little to carry her master on her shoulders, but she tows his light carriage around the floor with a will, trotting with her head proudly erect.

"She really is cute," he says, "and I don't even like rubber."

"It's been said that perverts can be divided on the rubber/leather line," Mischa says, and raises her glass to Will. "Leather forever."

"Leather forever," he agrees, and clinks his glass to hers.

They linger for a while a longer, admiring Donald's form as the carries Mila around and around the floor, but Will has had a long day. He's adorably sleepy as Hannibal leads him out, vaguely nodding and waving to everyone who catches Hannibal on his way out. By the time they reach the door, Hannibal can see the crowd getting to Will, and is glad to herd him out into the fresh air. It revives him a bit, and he sits upright in the car. It's late, and another stop seems cruel when Will is so tired, so Hannibal goes straight home.

"You promised me dessert," Will says, as if he's reading Hannibal's thoughts, and Hannibal laughs.

"Yes, darling, I did."

Chapter 7

Will was mostly kidding about dessert, but as he putters around greeting the dogs and taking off his clothes, Hannibal goes straight to the kitchen to investigate the available supplies. By the time Will takes the dogs out, comes back in, and gives everyone a small treat for enduring their terrible solitude, the air is filled with a rich scent like mulled wine.

"What are you making?" Will asks, ambling into the kitchen.

"Pears poached in red wine," Hannibal says, "and creme anglaise."

"Can I help?"

"This is fairly low-effort," Hannibal says, "but you can keep me company for the constant stirring."

Will starts to recognize the custard as Hannibal assembles it. It's good stuff, but temperamental. It needs to reach about 185 degrees and then stop right there. Hannibal, wily old chef that he is, quenches the bottom of the pan in cold water without missing a beat in his account of meeting Reba and Francis for the first time.

"He's a very shy boy, Will," he says, giving the custard a last few strokes to make it cool evenly, "and still recovering from a truly terrible episode of dysmorphia."

"Poor guy," Will says, switching off the burner. "You say 'boy,' but is it a gender thing?"

"No as such," Hannibal says. "It's more the type of thing some people call manorexia, with some facial involvement. He has a repaired cleft palate, and I think is honestly handsome, but you know how people are."

"I do," Will says, and fishes the pears out of the wine. They're a deep violet-red now, and pink juice pools beneath them in their two white bowls.

"He was raised by a verbally abusive grandmother, so Reba has a lot of toxic scripts to replace."

Hannibal lets them cool a little longer, and then pours the rich custard over both of them, in an artful splash that wouldn't look out of place in a three-star restaurant. Of course it's delicious, the pears sweet and tender and perfectly complimented by the custard. They eat on the couch, Will propped up against Hannibal. It's an indulgence. Eating at places that are not the table or an ironed picnic blanket drives Hannibal nuts but is something Will can't give up, and he appreciates the gesture for what it is.

Of course, despite his fatigue and the lack of meat, something about the closeness and warmth and soft red morsels in his mouth gets Will hard. He frowns at his own erection where it's ludicrously tenting his underwear. "Dammit," he mutters, and Hannibal laughs.

"I can take care of that for you, dearest."

"I'm probably too tired to take care of yours," Will warns, yawning.

Hannibal chuckles. "I have enough energy for both of us," he says, taking Will's empty bowl. Will laughs, and goes upstairs to wait for him, yawning as he brushes his teeth. He's surprised not to hear Hannibal do the same before he comes in, but when he mentions it, Hannibal just grins and crawls into bed with him, kissing him on the mouth with the taste of poached pear.

"I'm planning on eating one last thing," he purrs, and starts kissing his way down Will's belly to his cock.

Will doesn't have the energy to do much but lace his fingers into Hannibal's hair and moan, occasionally pulling when he has the brains to remember that Hannibal likes it. Hannibal groans and humps the mattress, which Will always feels weird for liking so much. There's just something undignified and uncontrolled about it that makes it really endearing, and he says so as best he can, gasping and rocking up into Hannibal's eager mouth.

Seconds after Will shakes his way through a climax so hard it makes him curl up off the mattress and then fall back, Hannibal whimpers and knocks the headboard against the wall with a last few thrusts. It takes him a long time to shudder to a stop, and he keeps suckling at Will's soft cock until it gets painful and he has to pull it out of his mouth.

"Who's gonna change the sheet?" Will slurs, after a silence broken only by heavy breathing. "Not it!"

Hannibal snickers, resting his head on Will's thigh. "I think the wet spot is low enough for us to survive one night," he says, and Will grins.

"Will wonders never fuckin' cease," he mutters, and tugs Hannibal up to cuddle him properly.

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